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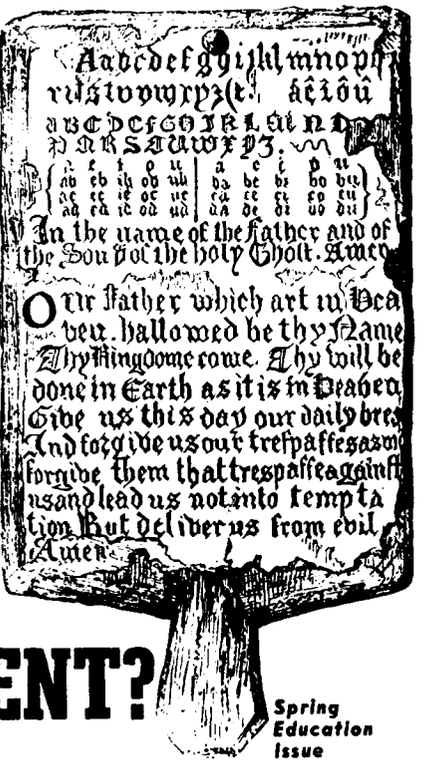
In the name of the Father and of
the Son & of the holy Ghost. Amen.
Our Father which art in Hea
ven. hallowed be thy Name
Thy kingdome come. Thy will be
done in Earth as it is in Heaven
Give us this day our daily bre
And forgive us our trespasses as w
forgive them that trespasse against
us and lead us not into tempta
tion But deliver us from evil
Amen.

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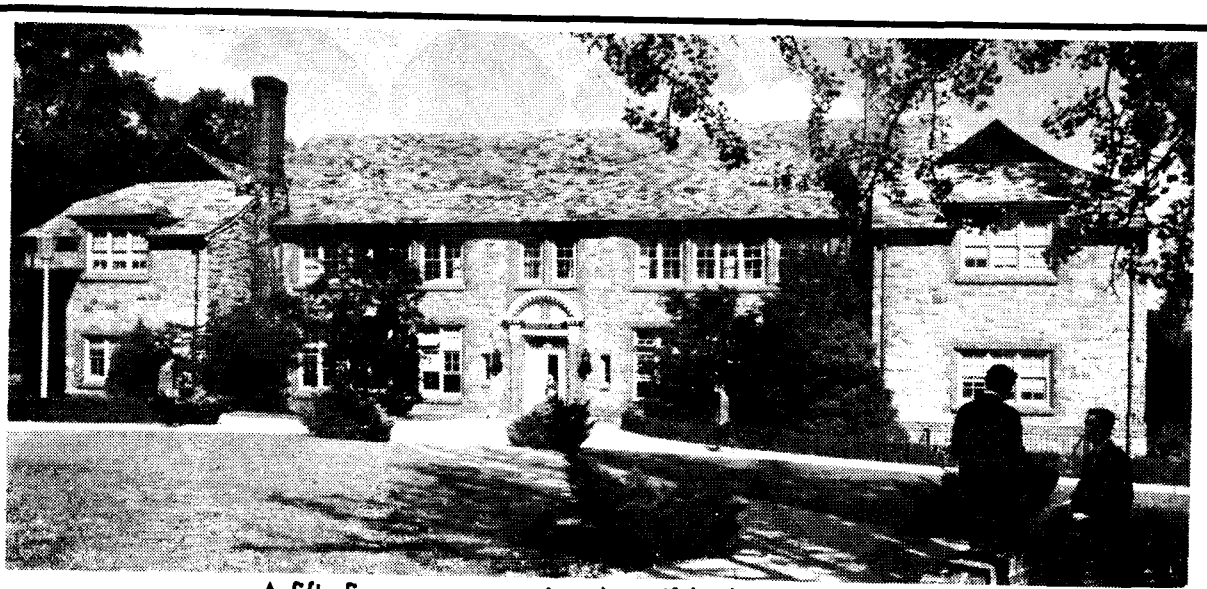

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NEWS & VIEWS

Making Room for Gene

Some handsome compliments are paid former Senator Eugene McCarthy by the *Washington Post's* David S. Broder, in a column lamenting the lack of political options open to McCarthy.

"If the Democratic party had any interest in policy questions these days, it would find a place for him to be of use," Broder wrote. "If the party had a publication which a literate high school graduate would care to read, McCarthy would be writing for it or editing it.

"It doesn't — and so this talent, this good mind and prescient imagination finds no better employment than to crowd his way into a Minnesota Congressional race.

"What a waste."

What got Broder thinking about McCarthy "after all these months" is the current discussion about government regulation of automobiles in the energy crisis. It reminded Broder of a remark McCarthy had made to him back in March, 1972, during the Illinois primary, to the effect that the '72 Democratic platform ought to have a plank about the automobile.

The reminder sent Broder swooping into the files to see whether McCarthy was on the record on the subject, or whether the whole thing was a figment of his imagination. Broder found McCarthy on record at least three times. "Once again," commented Broder, "it turned out, he had been a man ahead of his time."

What McCarthy was saying almost two years ago was that the U.S. should "slow down programs such as the interstate highway building," and also "move to redirect non-governmental expenditures, particularly with reference to the automobile." Broder continues:

"Before most of us had even thought of the world-wide energy and commodity shortage, McCarthy was advocating 'selective excise taxes to discourage wasteful and unnecessary consumption, and selective credit controls.'

" 'In the case of the automobile,' he said, 'positive regulation as to size and power' would be justified, 'since the automobile has become an economic and social burden in America.' "

Broder credited McCarthy with making another point in those speeches, one that we'll probably hear others echoing, as the energy shortage cuts employment.

"By federal legislation," McCarthy said in '72, "existing work should be distributed among available workers by shortening the legal working time of workers. No such legislation has been enacted since 1932, when the 40-hour-week, 8-hour-day law was passed. I believe the best way to accomplish this would be to shorten the working year by providing longer vacations. No worker or salaried person should be required to work more than 11 months at the existing standard of 40 hours per week."

The point, concludes Broder, is not that McCarthy is always right, or that he is uniquely right, "but that a man with a demonstrated knack for seeing problems a bit before they overwhelm us is a useful man to have around."

"McCarthy has a track record. He saw the trouble we were getting into in Vietnam. Far earlier than most, he saw and talked about the danger in the activist superPresidency.

"A fellow with that talent ought not to have to depend for a hearing on his ability to bump a promising political novice out of a Congressional nomination."

To which: Amen.

The Faith in Poland

The French intellectual journal, *Informations Catholiques Internationales*, does not paint nearly so bright a picture of the faith in Poland as the London *Economist* (News & Views 12/14/73) and other optimistic journals. In fact, *Informations* suggests that the traditional piety and religiosity of the Polish masses actually hides the phenomenon of "deChristianization."

"It is not a question of spectacular abandonment of the faith, or of brutal rupture," says *Informations*, "but of a slow development influenced by three key factors: urbanization, secularization, and the ideological effect of Marxist power."

Urbanization, says *Informations*, has the effect of undercutting family traditions. For instance, "there is a tendency to go to Mass more out of fidelity to the past than from any articulated Eucharistic need."

Secularization is seen reflected in the great attraction for consumers' goods and a decreasing eagerness "to become imbued with Christian charity and preoccupied with love of neighbor." The technologizing of society quickens this trend, adds *Informations*. "New terms, new modes of thought, new relations between man and his environment are not taken into account (or poorly so) by a Polish Catholicism which is rural and sentimental and little accustomed to intellectual considerations."

Finally, declares *Informations*, "it must be admitted that the ideological activity of Marxist authorities is finally bearing fruit."

"It must not be forgotten," the journal summarizes, "that the generation which is now entering adult life has been completely formed in Marxist indoctrination. And that will be true of the generations that follow. It does not mean that these new generations are Marxist. But they pose new questions to the Church, and do so in terms and ways to which the clergy have certainly not been accustomed."

Feiffer/LNS

Odds and Ends

— France continues to grow as a major merchandizer of arms. Arms sales for 1973 totaled 7-billion francs, up from 4.7 billion for 1972. The increases were mainly in the sales of aircraft and related missiles: Mirages, Super-Frelon helicopters, and ground-to-ground anti-tank missiles.

— Up, once again, the costs of maintaining parochial schools. The Archdiocese of Chicago reports that its 240,000-pupil system operated at a $38.7 million deficit for the year ended last June 30. Per-pupil cost was $363 (up $31). Tuitions and related fees averaged $159; thus a subsidy of $204 per pupil was required to finance the schools.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Moore's 'Catholics'

Meriden, Conn.

To the Editors: In my opinion, Michael Murray's conclusion [Nov. 30] that *Catholics* on "CBS Playhouse 90" was "an ambitious potboiler" fails to recognize the skill with which the film invites a wide range of viewers right to left to identify with it because of the ambiguities throughout (Was the with-it priest worried about the Mass? Did the abbot succeed in praying?) and because of the range of possible interpretations of the witty glances at the consequences of Vatican II as seen through Vatican IV.

DOROTHY BETTS KIERNAN

Mugavero Mundi

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: Michael Novak just does not know the Brooklyn-Queens Diocese ["The City Parish Enters Politics," Nov. 23]. Nor does he understand the unfocused political perspective of our Bishop Mugavero. It is difficult to fathom how he is in any position to impose political commentary on matters about which he obviously comprehends so little.

It is not surprising to learn that Michael believes he could gather a profound understanding of the complex neighborhoods of New York City by *driving* through them! What he has yet to learn is that train and car are the vehicles not of the neighborhood person but of the pseudo-scientist making believe that he is "exploring" the neighborhood.

The smallest bit of responsible research would have revealed the following. The bishop's pastoral letter was a one-shot deal at a very safe time during a non-campaign. Existing parish political education committees were launched and are now sustained by a group of dedicated people not trusted by the bishop. These committees are, in general, highly ineffective; and, what is

(Continued on page 422)

NEWS & VIEWS: 404 **CORRESPONDENCE:** 405
EDITORIALS: 405
SLINGS AND ARROWS AT CAMBRIDGE: *Gerald O'Collins* 406
WASHINGTON REPORT: Ring in the Old: *Sisyphus* 406
THE CONCRETE AND THE UNIVERSAL: *Michael Novak* 410
HIGHER EDUCATION '74: *George W. Shea* 411
DO MEN NEED THEIR OWN MOVEMENT?: *Dennis Hale* 414
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* 417
YET ANOTHER JESUS: *George MacRae* 417
BOOKS: *John Donnelly, Mark Taylor* 420
ILLUSTRATIONS: *Front cover: 17th century English "horn book," a child's first textbook*

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WORKING FOR PEACE

For Roman Catholics, New Year's Day remains a holy day of obligation, but it is the Feast of the Circumcision no more. Instead it travels in double harness: it is the Feast of the Solemnity of Mary, but it may also be celebrated as the World Day of Prayer for Peace—which is a good thing for many reasons, including the fact that most of us would be hard-pressed to explain the exact meaning of the Solemnity of Mary.

Good as the idea of a day of prayer for peace is, however, listening to the day's homily in a local church plus a random sampling of what other people heard reveals how difficult it is to change well-established ways in an institution as old as the Church. In one sense there was nothing wrong with the homily we heard—except it had little or nothing to do with the prescribed topic. It flowed right along, and was even eloquent on occasion, but it limited itself to individual, not world, peace. The closest we came to anything as painfully real as Vietnam or Israel was the unsupported and undeveloped assurance that peace in one's own heart would then radiate out into the local community and the whole world. No mention was made of either Christian non-violence or the just war theory. No mention was made of nationalism, that curse of the modern world, nor of the fact that excessive nationalism disguised as patriotism has been one of the great sins of the Catholic Church in America. No mention was made of the fact that the laws of this country might need reform to allow for selective conscientious objection by young men in the Catholic tradition who are not total pacifists but who have moral objections to a particular war. No mention was made of the thousands of young men who sought sanctuary abroad on moral grounds during the Vietnam war and who now cannot safely return to their native land. No mention was made, for either praise or blame, of the brothers Berrigan and the others who became prisoners for the sake of conscience. No mention was made of the shockingly inadequate distribution of wealth in the world, nor was there any suggestion that the consumption of 40 percent of the world's resources by 6 percent of its population could in itself be a cause of hatred, revolution and war—a point that might have been arrived at from even a cursory reading of Pope John's *Mater et Magistra* or Pope Paul's *Populorum Progressio*, not

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to mention any earlier encyclicals. No mention was made of the fact that this nation spends in excess of $80 billion a year on armaments, while hundreds of thousands go hungry abroad and additional thousands live in squalor at home. No mention was made of the poor children in America who recently had their hot lunches snatched away, while the U.S. Army prepares to spend an additional $200 million to develop a new kind of nerve gas—a weapon we presumably are barred from using by the Geneva Convention. No, none of these matters came up; what the homily urged was a return to individual virtue in order to establish "Christ's peace" in our hearts. In other words, there was one great lack, and we fear this lack was widely matched in other pulpits: the preacher of our local homily was completely without any serious analysis of the problem of justice and world peace; he had no theoretical understanding or framework inside of which to talk constructively about the need to work for peace in the world and how to go about it. The result was a collection of private pieties, all right in their place, perhaps, but of little or no relevance in any serious effort at world peace.

An interesting contrast was provided by the homily preached in Rome on the same day by Pope Paul. The need is urgent, the Pope said, to give the highest priority to the work for world peace. Describing the "tremendous dangers" deriving from the growth of science and technology, Pope Paul noted that these are wonderful developments if placed in the service of humanity but that they are "catastrophic and heavy with threats if turned against the life of man." Referring to the fact that the superpowers have at least for now achieved some kind of balance of power, the Pope cited its uneasy character: "This is a balance, based on force, that poses one fear against another and creates a widespread aura of distrust that poisons human life." Here Pope Paul urged action, criticizing those who say they can do nothing for peace on the grounds that responsibility in these matters rests solely with political leaders. In short, what the Pope preached about was how we should work so that 1974 "may be for the whole world a year of peace in justice and liberty."

A big distance, then, between Rome and the local churches on this and similar matters. Can anything practical be done to remedy this disparity? It would be foolish to suggest that every parish priest can be as knowledgeable on world peace as the Pope. However, some thoughtful preparation for next year's World Peace Day and all talks on the subject is very much in order. As a minimum, those who are to preach on peace might be asked to study the topic a little—perhaps beginning with papal peace messages delivered over the years, usually at Christmas. On this score Rome has a good record, and our local homily was just one more of many indications that the Church in America has a lot to learn on the topic of war and peace, from Rome and elsewhere.

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

BACK ON CAMPUS

SLINGS AND ARROWS AT CAMBRIDGE

Long ago Cambridge University learnt to endure comments from Americans and Australians. Germaine Greer stands high among recent critics from "down under." By the time she finished her Cambridge Ph.D. dissertation ("The ethic of love and marriage in Shakespeare's early comedies"), she let it be loudly known how outrageously dull she found the place. Yet a little wistfully (and truly!) she reflected in *The Female Eunuch*: "Perhaps if I had been a man, I would have been offered a fellowship at Cambridge." In the early 1930s Thomas Merton was an exhibitioner at Clare College before he recrossed the Atlantic to find peace in the United States. In *The Seven Storey Mountain* he recalled "the dark sinister atmosphere of Cambridge," that "cloudy, semi-liquid medium in whose dregs I was ultimately destined to settle."

After five years away in Australia and the United States I returned last fall to Cambridge, just ahead of the incoming freshmen. I was curious to see how much had changed. Official and unofficial publications look the same. Faded graffiti keep up the old standards as they evoke last Easter term and finals. In Laundress Lane a few yards from where Charles Darwin lived and Erasmus once stayed, the question stands in large letters: "Are you dead or just revising?" On the walls of the Cavendish Laboratory one learns that "exams kill by degrees."

I then turned to a rich source of official information, *The Cambridge Pocket Diary*. That doyen of university diaries still offers at the top of its first page what reads like a piece of celestial anatomy: "Particulars of sunrise and sunset (sun's upper limb), phases of the moon, and eclipses are corrected to allow for Summer Time." It still informs its readers that the Whipple Museum of the History of Science is "open on weekdays during term *at times posted at the Museum*"!

The last five years have seen some large figures pass from the scene. Death has removed E. M. Forster, the novelist who believed it was far better to betray one's country than to betray one's friends. In Guy Burgess, Donald McLean, Kim Philby and others Cambridge provided, of course, more than its fair share of defec-

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tions to the Soviet Union. Prince Charles has completed his studies and "gone down."

As a royal replacement Trinity College numbers among its undergraduates the Crown Prince of Sikkim, closely associated in the college with a German monk who was ordained to the priesthood earlier this year in the Trinity chapel. Bishop Butler performed the ceremony with the college dean, Bishop John Robinson, watching from the sidelines.

Among the undergraduate colleges Churchill, Clare and King's have gone co-ed. Cambridge scored a first at British universities by appointing the Principal of New Hall, Miss A. R. Murray, to be the new Vice-Chancellor. That office is roughly equivalent to the post of a university president in the United States, but lasts only a year or so.

George Steiner has lost nothing of his power to dazzle and excite undergraduates. One recent lecture took up the question, "Has truth a future?" He recalled that the founder of his college (Churchill), armed with a lance, took part in a cavalry charge at Ondurman that Homer could have understood, and yet lived long enough to sign an edict for the hydrogen bomb. Our scientific knowledge can look like a handgrenade rolling around on the floor of a living room. This is knowledge we can hardly live with. And yet the worst thing still remains the conscious suppression of the truth. "Man is the only species who can risk his own destruction for the sake of a speculative problem."

What has changed then in Cambridge? Not much, least of all in the passing parade of speakers. The Students' Union continues to offer the same rich list. Next term the Archbishop of Canterbury will oppose the motion (to be supported by A. J. Ayer and George Steiner), "That Christianity has failed to provide a remedy for evil in the world." Recent or coming speakers include: Mme. Binh, William F. Buckley Jr., Germaine Greer, Lord Longford, Eugene McCarthy, B. F. Skinner and Harold Wilson. During the fall the Dalai Lama was in town, preceded a few days before by Cardinal Suenens and Ivan Illich.

The Cardinal recommended the charismatic renewal to a large congregation at Great St. Mary's church. "Expectant faith" could bring unexpectedly rich blessings. In the Union Illich stressed the politics of austerity as the only sane course for a world where energy-affluence concentrates privilege. "Energy grows at the expense of equity." Above a speed limit of twenty-five mph transport becomes socially destructive. He cited one of the late President Allende's cabinet: "Socialism can only come on a bicycle." Indeed, "a country which cannot defend itself with the bicycle cannot be defended." The theme seemed peculiarly appropriate in Cambridge where squadrons of bicycles surge down the narrow streets at lecture hours.

On his first visit to Europe the Dalai Lama stopped for a September audience with Pope Paul before making a ten-day tour of Britain. In Cambridge he stayed in the judge's rooms at Trinity College, enjoyed a private reception from the astronomer royal (Sir Martin Ryle) and addressed a packed crowd at the Senate-House. Outside the hall the Cambridge branch of the Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding distributed material putting the case for Peking's 1959 take-over in Tibet and subsequent modernization of the country. "The Dalai Lama," they complained, "has formerly been on reasonably good terms with Peking, but in exile he has become a focus for anti-China propaganda."

Inside the Senate-House, however, the Dalai Lama contented himself with expounding Tibetan Buddhism and tracing the steps required to attain the perfect state of enlightenment. He listed the practices of perfection, reflected on various "kinds of voidness" and argued that an independent result doesn't have "to be born of a cause." For most students it was heavy stuff, but they warmed to his patent holiness and happiness. They felt free to laugh at the unintended humor in his remark: "The deepest level of consciousness comes when we die, and that kind of consciousness is permanent."

All in all, after five years' absence I fail to find that Cambridge has become dull, let alone sinister. The old obsession for truth is still around, as well as the readiness to hear what the world has to say. That world runs all the way from the Dalai Lama to Cardinal Suenens and from Ivan Illich to William Buckley Jr.

GERALD O'COLLINS

(Father Gerald O'Collins, S.J., is presently Honored Visitor at Pembroke College, Cambridge.)

COMING

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE writes about the Pope and the Roman Curia and their critics:

"How much decentralization is there really when the American Bishops can be rapped for a perfectly legitimate experiment of communion before first confession, or when a Papal Nuncio in Bonn thinks he can remove a bishop by writing a secret letter? (A *maquisard* in the Secretariat of State revealed its contents to the press and the Nuncio was foiled.) As for the Synod of Bishops, after the shambles of 1971 when the bishops nearly gave the wrong answer on the ordination of married men, it has been deferred by a year, will be enveloped in the grandiose manifestation of the Holy Year, and has been provided with an agenda on Evangelization of such timidity that the world's eyes will very properly be elsewhere. Far from being the lived expression of collegiality it was intended to be, the Synod has slumped to being an occasional, tolerated talking shop."

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RING IN THE OLD

The New Year brought with it to Washington more of the old than the new. More irresolutions than resolutions. More heat than light. Even so, the broken yesterdays—unsafe as they were for Kings, Kennedys, children and other living things—seem somehow to have had more potential for improvements than today's practices or tomorrow's promises. Woody Allen's "Sleeper" is Orwell's "1984"—in drag.

Perhaps, omniscient formulas for better living everywhere do not lie here in America. If we rid ourselves of that evangelical burden, then perhaps we could relax and do better for ourselves and by the rest of the world without feeling we're obliged to strut upon the world's stage. (But would the multinational corporations permit us?)

Besides, the Third World is clamoring for a fair-share in the casting—witness the pattern of kidnappings and assassinations of government officials in the Western world, the vulnerability of Western technology to acts of terrorism and the scorning of the mandarin ineptitudes of the United Nations. Somewhere run the sardonic lines:

"Are the Africans in Africa
Prepared for independence?
Can they fill the air with smog enough?
Their rivers with pollution?
Or employ enough machines
To keep employees from employment?"

Yet there seem encouraging signs of humility, surprisingly enough among American economists, among whom arrogance is no stranger. The Burns's, the Friedmans and the Hellers are conceding the ignorances of their "dismal science." Walter Heller recently told the American Economic Association, over which he now presides: "Economists are distinctly in a period of re-examination. The energy crisis caught us with our parameters down. The food crisis caught us, too. This was a year of infamy in inflation forecasting. There are many things we really just don't know." . . . As when an oil cartel and the sheiks of Araby impose a shortage of a crucial commodity?

Economic theorists in industrialized countries have yet to account for an unacceptable rate of inflation, both in good times and in bad, according to the president of the Brookings Institution, Kermit Gordon. Why, he asked, is unemployment rising, surplus capacity developing and yet prices rise, not fall? The old formulas aren't applicable.

And, the Western industrialized nations' Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) in its outlook report for this year states: ". . . a significant number (i.e. of industrialized countries) are experiencing inflation rates in double figures, and the possibility of social and political tensions emerging from real or imagined changes in the distribution of real income cannot be ignored." . . . Like Britain's three-day work week, with four days to brood in the local pub about the failure of Keynesian economics? And the plight of the credit-card set in America?

Shaky Times

If economics be the waging of politics by other means, and vice-versa, the arrival of shaky times in the United States comes at an unpropitious period. A discredited President presides over a shaky economy—that may become a quake by mid-Summer, some forecasters say. The President not only doesn't know much, apparently, about Watergate matters, but also he doesn't know about economic and energy matters, either. For 10 years, there has been full warning of the consequences of our economy's insatiable appetite for energy. Now that the trouble, partially contrived by our industrial lords, has arrived, the Administration is pumping huge profits into the oil companies, while the economy, as a whole, is permitted to run out of gas, so to speak. . . . "Don't nobody here know how to play this here game?" Casey Stengel once asked despairingly as he watched his Mets.

However, it is this energy crisis and the ambiguities about the accuracy of the President's past federal income tax returns that offer the best chance of bringing him down—although he hopes that Americans will again support his cry that one doesn't change horses in mid-stream.

The energy crisis has driven the Watergate affair from the front-pages on most days. Certainly, impeachment on the Watergate scandals themselves seems less likely.

Members of the House Judiciary Committee seem capable of selecting, say, judges for municipal courts, if someone guides them. But to master the awesome business of assembling, as it is charged with doing, soundly researched and convincing articles of impeachment to bring before the full House of Representatives, well, there's far less confidence this Committee can perform capably. The only encouraging indication in this direction is the hiring of John Doar, a most capable former Justice Department official during the Kennedy Administration. But staff doesn't vote in com-

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mittee meetings—or in debate in the House chamber. The Rodinos, the Donohues, the Fishes and the Hogans, members of the Committee, do. And, with exceptions, there's not much quality or heart among them.

Anyway, preliminary reports from Senators and Representatives, half-way through their 30-day congressional recess, do not indicate there exists any firm determination among the citizenry that the President should be removed because of the Watergate. Senator Pearson of Kansas, a Republican, has best characterized the President's condition at this time: "He'll survive; but he won't recover." The President, then, can limp along during the remaining three years of his second Administration—assuming no more major upheavals.

There'll be no impeachment, arising from Watergate itself, unless Republicans, on pragmatic grounds of saving their political necks, agree to unseat the President. True enough, in mid-December, Senator Goldwater did tell *The Christian Science Monitor,*" . . . it's just a question in people's minds of just how honest is this man?" But, this didn't set in motion an anti-Nixon bandwagon effect among Republicans that such a Goldwater statement would have been expected to do. In fact, it was predicted such a statement would score at least 9.9 on the Richter political seismograph scale.

Eminently persuasive cases for impeachment, such as that made by Raoul Berger, aren't just everyday coffee-break gossip. A probability that the Presidency as an institution is being itself assassinated by the Nixon incumbency isn't understood by most. We do not have an incumbent who would state as George Washington did in assuming responsibility for acts of his Administration: ". . . that in condemning the administration of the Government, they (actually) condemned him, for if they thought there were measures pursued contrary to his sentiments, they must conceive him too careless to attend to them, or too stupid to understand them."

Impeachment, members of Congress are finding, is an elusive term in the minds of constituents, even among those who believe he's culpable of covering up, if not master-minding, the Watergate. " 'Impeachment' is too fancy a word—it has too many syllables," one Senator said early in January. "People don't understand, even fear, it. They think it's something like hanging." But, he added, they do understand hour-long waits at gasoline stations and paying 10-cents more a gallon when they get what gas is available, and the greed for profits by oil companies. They understand, as well, dollar-a-pound hamburg and nearly half-a-buck for a lousy loaf of bread.

Furthermore, he might have added, they do understand the meaning of tax evasion, however the intricacies of impeachment elude them. Al Capone wasn't sent to prison for killing off rivals; he was sent to prison for not paying his federal taxes. Successful tax-evasion prosecution has imprisoned many an outlaw, who has survived attempts to jail him for practicing his craft.

Now, the Internal Revenue Service has announced it is intensively reviewing the President's filed returns for several years. The individual income-tax filing deadline is mid-April, only three months away. Americans, struggling with soaring living costs, while struggling to fill out their tax forms may, justifiably or not, decide that in respect to the President's tax status: where there's smoke there's fire. . . . a conclusion they did not, or were unwilling to, arrive at when confronted with a political scandal.

The Other Alternative

Resignation of the Presidency, an alternative form of departure, is increasingly frowned upon. Once it appeared to be the quickest, least troublesome "pass-through" for a cornered President. But, then, memories began to recall Mr. Nixon's characteristically ungenerous farewell following his defeat for Governor of California in the early 1960s. His farewell represents a frightful example of how to generate suspicion, distrust and general unrest. Should Mr. Nixon leave the White House amid such a farewell, it could well generate a neo-McCarthy period, complete with allegations that he was driven from office by sinister forces, always "left-wing" ones, of course. The potential for civil repression, with all the obscenities that represents, has caused many, who once favored it, to draw back from advocating resignation. Even without such a development, there are many in Washington who believe that a George Wallace "with class" would develop a politically potent following this year—and, perhaps, in 1976, a Presidential election year, as well.

It's impeachment or remain in office.

Conservatives are sounding their constituencies to determine if they should "put daylight" between themselves and Mr. Nixon. The stories of their findings should begin to be floated into the newspapers during the end of January. Their "polls" will encourage or impede impeachment on whatever grounds.

Meanwhile, the untidy business of the day continues. New formulations, both in politics and economics, seem difficult to achieve. Is it because, as Gertrude Stein said, the United States is the oldest nation in the world because it was the first to enter the Twentieth Century? Perhaps.

Life continues on the federal plantation. The best prepared exercise the pessimism of the intelligence and the optimism of the will. **SISYPHUS**

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THE CONCRETE AND THE UNIVERSAL

MICHAEL NOVAK

Several different arguments concerning the concrete and the universal motivate significant agents today—and lead to quite different consequences.

One of the most remarkable writers of the moment is Orlando Patterson of Harvard, and in two valuable articles (in *The Public Interest* and in *The American Scholar*) he has recently argued that morality is universal. The black man, he believes, is mistaken to argue for a special "black" morality. There is only one morality, a human morality, and by its very high standards we are all judged equally.

It is one thing to argue that I.Q. tests are culturally biased, so as to penalize some members of some cultures quite unfairly; and, similarly, to criticize insistence upon "standard" English when that insistence is blind to the intelligibility of a local or regional English in its own context. It is quite another thing to hold that morality is culturally relative. (To be sure, by "morality" is sometimes meant nothing more than certain class and ethnic conventions which may indeed be culturally relative. Beyond those, however, there are fundamental themes like honesty, courage, and the exercise of common virtues; and these, at least under analogous forms, do indeed "transcend" factors of class and ethnicity.)

In a curious way, many in the social sciences who have grown to maturity against the stream of an old-fashioned relativism are now eager to defend "the common morality" in which all human beings share. They appreciate the fact that all persons can "transcend" their diverse cultural origins and meet together in a kind of unity. They insist upon "universals" in human experience. They are troubled by too much emphasis upon diversity. They fear, on the one hand, divisiveness; and, on the other hand, tactics of condescension, exclusion, or special pleading. There is ample historical warrant for such fears: "manifest destiny," "in our case, it's different," "blood and land," etc. (Nazism was not kind to those complacent in relativism.)

And, contrariwise, some who are accustomed to normative thinking, and to a strict view of the universality of conscience, feel a certain "liberation" in contemplating the variety and diversity of human motives, contexts, styles, and ways of living. Having experienced how much harm can be wrought by premature insistence upon "universals," "transcendent principles," and "the dictates of conscience," they feel morally obliged to stress the diversity of moral possibilities. They think it crucial to note the concrete determinants of personal convictions—the regional, economic, ethnic, religious, and even temperamental factors that make humans different from one another, both as social animals and as individuals.

Within the United States, there are some who stress the existence, power, and achievements of "the common culture," and worry about divisiveness and fragmentation. Others stress the diversity of American culture, and worry about false homogeneity and unconscious repression of differences. (Ironically, those who stress the existence of the common culture seem to assume that it is fragile; while those who stress the diversity of cultures seem to take for granted that the underlying unity has already been secured.)

To some, pluralism means "let each individual do his thing." To others, that interpretation reflects only *one* form of life—is, rightly speaking, one ethnic interpretation of pluralism among many. It reflects British-American consciousness, that peculiar "pursuit of loneliness" and extraordinary solitariness so marked in Anglo-American literature and social experience. By contrast, others mean by pluralism that American culture holds together several cultural histories, and that our historians and theoreticians have not yet accurately explored more than one or two of these cultural traditions and possibilities. America has not yet become all that she can be.

But is pluralism in this sense even possible—many cultures in one culture? Some hold that to say of someone that he is "Irish Catholic" is to do him less than justice, to slight those qualities by which he "transcends" his origins. Others hold that to look at matters in *that* way is to understand human origins in too pejorative and limiting a way. It is to overlook the fact that every cultural tradition has within it its own sources of transcendence. In order to become all that one might become, one does not have to go *outside* one's own cultural traditions. A common culture is possible precisely because each of its participant cultures has its own capacities for self-transcendence.

It is true, of course, that in the United States a great many educated persons have gone outside their own traditions, have assimilated a great many insights and ways of perceiving and acting from traditions not their own, to their own enlargement and self-development. There are, to speak too simply, two chief understandings of how this happens. On one view, the view of "enlightenment," what is local and narrow is a source of darkness, bias, prejudice, limitation, and is to be outgrown. On the other view, the view of "story," the voyage to and through cultures not at first one's own brings to light

(Continued on page 423)

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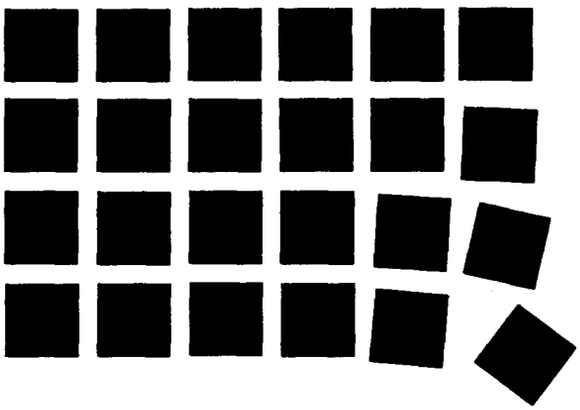
HIGHER EDUCATION '74

GEORGE W. SHEA



The agreement to ignore the abyss

One of the currently popular topics of the new television rhetoric is the depiction of a seasoned and wise salesman explaining the wonders of the product to an eager but confused novice. It is an image that cannot but warm the heart of an educator, this vision of teaching going on even at the core of the American commercial enterprise. For the working academician, however, this scene must also stir feelings of longing and the hope that for him too a wise elder colleague will appear and explain the wonders of the educational product.

The confusion of working instructors and administrators is not to be wondered at; for the changes in higher education and the problems bred of those changes in the last few decades have been enormous. There is now nearly universal agreement that we are in the middle of a new educational revolution, which may surpass in importance the industrial and political revolutions that preceded it. This revolution, in America especially, has been based upon the opening up of higher education to larger and larger numbers of people; and has finally reached the point where it embraces the concept of universal access to post-secondary schooling.

This broadening of the task of universities has raised serious questions about their nature, about what they teach and how they are related to the society in which they find themselves. Furthermore, these questions have been raised at a time when the society itself is experiencing rapid changes and is agonizing over the tensions which these have produced. In short, the academicians have good reasons for their confusion and equally good reason for their desire for advice from the elders in their profession.

Nor have they been entirely disappointed in their hopes. The last decade has seen the appearance of volumes of work on the university and on post-secondary education. We have had single volumes such as Clark Kerr's *The Uses of the University*; we have received more and more information through journals which have grown more numerous and more specialized; we have attended countless conferences and read the results of these, as well as of numerous committees, advisory boards and commissions. All of this has been capped by the monumental work of the Carnegie Commission which completed its deliberations last year; and by the appearance of several serious studies of the sociology of education, of which *The American University* (Harvard Univ. Press, $15) by Talcott Parsons and Gerald M. Platt is the most recent and in many ways the most remarkable.

The work of criticism has not lagged far behind the appearance of such studies. Theoreticians and pundits on all sides are already having at one another and, in the course of their debate, dissecting the work of the Commission and of the sociologists. Given this flurry of activity, it would be unfair, it seems to me, to deny the working educator, the instructor struggling with Introductory English or Language; or even the harried dean struggling with almost everything, an opportunity to join in this spirited discussion. Are we not, after all, the lonely figures who, bent over our late afternoon coffee, wait for a wise man to explain the rhyme and reason of our struggling and frequent heartbreak?

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Consider first the advice of the sociologists of education, and specifically Parsons' and Platt's *The American University*. The aims of this book are most ambitious: to examine the university as a social system and to examine as well its relation to the larger social system or society of which it is a part. This is attempted by applying Parsons' theory of social action to both the university and the society. The university is seen as part of the fiduciary subsystem of society, the subsystem which is responsible for protecting and fostering cognitive culture. Its functions are analyzed in accordance with Parsons' quadriform scheme of action; and the result is a careful study of four areas: research and graduate teaching, undergraduate teaching, professional training, and assistance in what is referred to as society's "definition of the situation." These four functions correspond to Parsons' four subsystems of action: that of culture and behavioral organism at the instrumental end of his paradigm; that of society and personality at the consummatory end.

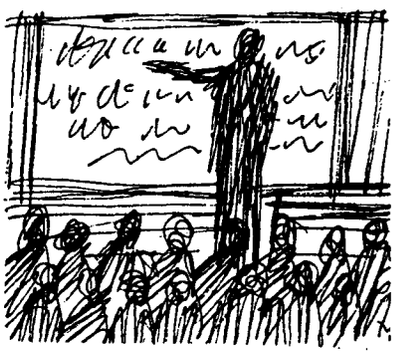
The study is remarkable for its comprehensiveness and schematic elegance. Its analysis of university organization and of the stratification of its members is enlightening; as is its discussion of undergraduate socialization, a process seen by the authors in basically Freudian terms. The comparison of intelligence as a medium in the university and in the cognitive subsystem of society to credit in the economic subsystem is ingenious, often helpful in explaining the dynamics of the university's activity but also liable to obscure by its own prominence other important factors.

The very comprehensiveness and elegance of the system delineated by Parsons and Platt becomes, it seems to me, a burden. As with many great systems, there comes a point at which the framework begins to control the analysis. This is especially true in this kind of study, in which the data is not in general statistically based, but based on an abstraction, an ideal case. Here, the ideal case looks suspiciously like Parsons' own university, Harvard; and although an analysis of Harvard is always interesting, a good deal of the study's conclusions will be of doubtful validity for about seventy-five percent of the other institutions of higher education in the nation.

By far the most serious criticism which a working academician can make of this work, however, is of its obsession with the given, with the present situation of both society and the university. There is little awareness of the sheer emptiness of the future, of the almost completely inchoate, purely potential forms of the society and of the university of the future. This is, of course, the nub of the question: the inevitable failure of a merely positivist or even functionalist approach, which by its very nature has difficulty getting beyond the given facts. The formless is nearly always seen in terms of a relatively minor readjustment of the already formed. Radical discontinuities and leaps cannot be accounted for; and hence are often ignored.

Much the same thing is encountered when we turn to the other group of wise men, the educational pundits, the chancellors and ex-chancellors; as well as all those experts who seem to have earned their places less by running universities or colleges than by running committees, doing studies, and in general lobbing pedagogical mortar shells into the academic agora. This group was heavily represented on the Carnegie Commission and among the authors of the many studies which the Commission sponsored as well.

Everyone begins by admitting that the Carnegie Commission has accomplished much that is useful. This is obviously true. Indeed, it would have been impossible to spend six million dollars, hold twenty-four conferences, publish twenty volumes of reports and dozens of other books without doing something useful along the way. However, we must keep our eye on the embattled instructor and his embattled dean, dreaming of wise counsel, desperate for responses to new problems and



for directions for the future. What we find is that it is precisely when it deals with new problems and the future that the Commission is most disappointing; and I suspect that this is because it was guided by the same positivist or functionalist approach which characterizes the work of the sociologists of education. It seems able to cope with the given alone and with its rearrangements. It confronts sheer potentiality with frighteningly diminished powers of discrimination. Indeed, both the Commission and thinkers like Parsons and Platt seem to flee from large questions of value. Cognitive rationality alone is affirmed as an enduring value, along with the evolving knowledge which it is destined to uncover. Other values, either philosophical or social, are merely objects of study, not principles worthy of academic affirmation, or bases of action.

The Commission's view is rendered even more aggravating by the cheering optimism which pervades much of its report. Not only does it fix upon the given society and the given university; but it regards both as fundamentally excellent and in need of relatively minor adjustments. There seems to be no suspicion that some very radical changes may be called for in higher education, and that large questions of value will have to

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be raised before these changes can occur.

A good example of this attitude is provided by Alexander Mood's *The Future of Higher Education* (McGraw-Hill, $6.95), one of the many individual reports prepared for the Commission. Given the title of Mood's book, one would expect some vision, some escape from the present. Not so. The book opens with a set of projections which deal with the future of American society. These assume very little change of a radical nature and yet are uniformly optimistic. Mood's suggestions for the improvement of education are nearly all mechanical: the use of technological resources, the changing of educational patterns, new kinds of funding, etc. His limited venture into the area of curriculum yields at best vague generalities about relevance and at worst a prediction that we will have more encounter and sensitivity groups. The final bankruptcy of this approach is underlined by Mood's suggestion that research be evaluated by counting pages; this although, as he admits, it "is not terribly meaningful."

Let me return, somewhat abruptly, to my own workday academic world. Behind my desk lies a copy of the *Chronicle of Higher Education* which reminds me that my faculty will soon try to form a union; in my drawer is a budget which cannot possibly meet all the legitimate needs of the college; on the phone is a weeping mother whose son, a high school valedictorian, has just flown to India to study with a yogi; in front of me sits an assistant who insists that the only way to strengthen the college is to stop hiring Ph.D.'s and cease teaching much of what the university has taught for the past hundred years. There is a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, as I glance across the room at Parsons, Platt, Kerr, Mood, *et al.* on my bookshelf. They announce: "Everything is fine. We must expect some fluctuations, but with a little more endeavor and the necessary adjustments, we will have the best of all possible academic worlds. Try video-cassettes and sensitivity groups." One wonders.

Naturally, many of Mood's predictions and suggestions are sound and useful; quite understandably the Carnegie Commission chose to make practical, hardheaded suggestions rather than get bogged down in theory. But, I am convinced that there is a deeper problem, that there is an inadequacy of approach which these men share with the sociologists of education. I suspect that this inadequacy lies above all in the inability to respond to radical discontinuity and change; to deal with questions of philosophical or social value or both; to engage, in short, in what humanists have long known and studied: sheer human creativity and the judgment of values which it requires. The poet who refuses to look at the empty page is ignoring the abyss that stretches before him. There is a similar abyss at the feet of educators and it is being ignored by too many of our wise men.

The evidence for the existence of an academic abyss lies above all in our obvious failures, failures which cry out for an imaginative and creative response. These are all around us, in varying degrees at different institutions, of course; but especially obvious in large urban institutions.

First, and most important there is a failure of idea. We no longer have a coherent idea of what undergraduate education is. So weak is our vision of an intellectual mission that we give in too quickly to Parsons' and Platt's formulation of it as a Freudian or Eriksonian process of socialization. What is more, we admit every new subject and course into the curriculum without regard for the curriculum's overall shape. We are so plagued by self-doubt that we hesitate to maintain standards. When someone announces that learning facts or certain essential bodies of knowledge is a waste of time, too many of us agree; this in spite of the fact that in our society people are increasingly victimized by manipulators of the very knowledge we hesitate to teach. We have even begun to doubt the value of rationality, which Parsons and Platt themselves view as the irreducible minimum in the academic value system.

From this failure of idea follows a failure of collegiality among faculty. Without a clear vision of their institutions' task, faculty members often opt out; teach their courses and devote all their other energies to their own research. They give their allegiance to professional associations rather than to their universities. Without a clear idea of their communal task they lack valid norms to judge one another's performance and therefore become prey to prejudice and political manipulation in their evaluations of their peers. Of course, they fear student power and frequently regard their colleagues in administration as malevolent foremen. Quite logically they eventually form a union to protect themselves from these foes and from what seem to them demands for an unreasoned commitment to an institution.

These two failures have led to a third, the failure of articulation with society. Some forms of this failure are well known: the control of research by government and the expansion within the curriculum of vocational and professional courses. Other forms are more subtle. We have not, for instance, arrived at a clear understanding of the relationship of socialization to social criticism, an issue which lay beneath much of the turmoil of the late '60s. Still more pernicious, however, is the recent tendency to confuse the university's task with the work of social reform. As a result, we see emerging an advocacy of an Averroistic notion which calls for two levels of education: rigorous intellectual training for an elite and a cheap college experience, which gives the masses an illusion of education and a passport to social mobility. It is difficult to grasp the popular appeal of this vision, which comes cloaked with all the allure of progressive, egalitarian and humanitarian feeling. It

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represents, however, the final diffusion of the university's energies and the abdication, it seems to me, of its true role.

Finally, there is a colossal failure of imagination both with regard to the university itself and to the society it studies. A mere glance at the list of philosophical and political alternatives which our students have, whether we like it or not, turned to recently indicates the poverty of our academic imagination: cooked-over Marx and Freud from Marcuse; adolescent euphoria from Reich; a technological Disneyland from Toffler and, of course, the visions of a host of mystics, who have had the good fortune to speak with small animals in the desert. Nor is our internal, campus imagination more vital. New ideas in curriculum and teaching, or even in counseling and administration, receive, when they appear, the budget committee's kiss of death; and yellowing lecture notes and antiquated requirements remain the order of the day.

Where is there hope? In the humanists, I think, if they can recapture the initiative; and also in the natural scientists who have, more than others, defended the rule of reason and a commitment to a body of knowledge; but who have also seen the abuses that can occur in the gap between scientific research and the creative use of that research. An alliance between scientists and humanists, which would reaffirm basic academic values and recognize the need for imagination and value judgment in dealing with the abyss before us, would, I think, hold great promise.

For the present, however, we must be critical; and with good reason. There are many good young people at the door asking about the goals of our educational institutions, and many good and dedicated colleagues as well. We had hoped that our wise and experienced elders might have told us more about the wonders of our product. We are a little disappointed; the loaf they have given us feels like a stone.

DO MEN NEED THEIR OWN MOVEMENT?

DENNIS HALE

Grappling with some bewilderments spawned by women's lib

Over the years since the women's movement first captured the public's attention, American men have responded in a number of different ways: by ridicule, scorn, psychological and physical withdrawal from women, by anger, and—if certain psychiatric opinions are correct—by becoming impotent. Some men have paid no attention to the movement at all, of course; but others (who knows how many) have tried to understand what it is they are being challenged to do or to become. Much confusion has attended this latter response: the women's movement is never so ambivalent as when it talks about what men should be, and men reflect that ambivalence. Are men to become more like women? Or are men supposed to allow women to become more like men? Or is it something else entirely? Women's movement literature provides few guides on this point.

Now this honest befuddlement has spawned a "men's movement." It is written with quotes around it to suggest its ephemeral nature. No one could claim that men have formed a "mass movement" (the very idea of such a thing is almost silly), and men per se are not a political force in any novel sense. Nevertheless, something is happening, something that looks and sounds as if it is *trying* to be a movement.

One attempt to define such a movement was held at Oberlin College, in Ohio, one weekend in October, at a Men's Conference sponsored by the Alumni Association and the Oberlin College Men's Group. As an Oberlin alumnus, I was invited to participate with other alumni, students, faculty members, and outside speakers in a series of discussions on such topics as: Measuring Up to the Male Ideal; Business Ethics; Male Friendship; Sharing Breadwinning and Parenting; Sexual Scripting; Is Gay Good? and so on.

The general tone of the conference was set by one of its organizers, Peter Scheitzer, who confessed in his keynote speech: "I am an Oberlin male and have been greatly influenced by the women's movement on this campus. . . . Until my junior year all my friends here were . . male and my awareness of my own chauvinism and a woman's place in that chauvinist world grew rapidly the more I became friends with women. The need for a Men's Liberation movement never seemed necessary to me. I considered myself (and still do) a sympathizer of the Women's movement and tried to hide an examination of my own sexuality in this sympa-

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thy. What the women were doing was fantastic—for them. It was sufficient for me. . . . This is no longer sufficient for me."

This statement can be read as being in large part an apology to women, and to an extent the same could be said of the conference as a whole. Much of what went on was clearly intended for a female audience. But it would not be fair to say that it was *only* that: although in form the conference was defensive, it seemed to respond to a real sense of bewilderment in the men over the emerging redefinitions of acceptable male behavior.

Indeed, confusion was the hidden theme of the men's conference. It is to be expected, psychiatrist Robert Gould noted, that in the wake of the women's movement there will be a good deal of confusion over sex roles, particularly among the young. Men will experiment with stereotypical "female" traits—gentleness, passivity, nurturing—while women will try out the so-called "masculine" traits—aggressiveness, toughness, calculation. Eventually, Dr. Gould hoped, both men and women will be able to live with a combination of these traits, but in the meantime many people will appear to be mixed up. "Obligatory homosexuality" will be a noticeable factor during this period: men and women who find it too painful to live with members of the opposite sex will seek temporary refuge in members of their own sex, although they may later revert to heterosexuality. It is probably not a coincidence that during the period that the women's movement has been strong at Oberlin, the number of students, both male and female, who have experimented with homosexuality has apparently increased. Homosexuality, at any rate, is more open than it was 10 years ago, when I was a student.

On Friday evening, Joseph Pleck—who is one of an apparently growing community devoted to "men's studies"—talked about the problem as being a "crisis of values," a rejection of one or more parts of the traditional male role—such as the traditional one of work. "Professionalism" was attacked: many felt that it encouraged men to place family below success on their list of priorities, which in turn left women to do the "dirty work" of raising families.

But this was, after all, an audience of college students, and college is not a place where the problem of earning a living can ever seem quite real. What is more real than work is "relationships," and it was in the workshops on male-female and male-male relationships that most of the sparks flew.

The workshop on male friendship, for example, almost never got started due to a dispute over whether it would break up into sexually-segregated groups. The proponents of segregation used the argument that men, like women and blacks before them, needed a time "by themselves" in order to "get things together," while the integrationists argued that if men and women were going to get along successfully then they had better start practicing. In the end a compromise was reached, and Joseph Pleck went off with about 20 men to talk about male friendship out of the hearing of women. Thirty or forty men and women stayed to discuss the problem together.

The women who attended these sessions did so partly out of curiosity, and partly "to keep the question of women's oppression alive in the minds of the men," as one woman put it. (Although that hardly seemed necessary.) At the male friendship session, one woman asked if men "confide in one another the way women do." As could be expected, some men said yes, and some said no, but the curious thing was the innocence of the question itself. It was disturbingly reminiscent of the "interracial gatherings" of the early '60s, when, eager for understanding and friendship, whites and blacks asked totally outrageous questions of one another. (Why do you-all dance so well?) The women were eager to hear men talk about these things, and apparently had never had the chance to do so before. What men are like when they are not with women was (is?) a mystery, which is perhaps justification enough for a men's conference, if not for an entire movement.

The Need for Justification

In fact, the men often seemed to need a justification for the conference, and many were embarrassed by the very idea of a men's movement. The whole parallel between men, women, gays, and blacks seemed almost too neat to be true, too relentless an extension of the pluralist argument that for every "problem" there must be a "group." Since men have power already, some of them asked, why do they need a movement? Symbolic of this difficulty is the fact that the Oberlin Men's Group exists only on paper: with neither leaders nor followers, it is the classic example of an interest-group in search of an interest. One man tried to resolve these tensions by arguing that men's liberation is "by nature personal, making its mark inside each of us and in small groups." But that seems only to beg the question of what that mark is to be.

The longest session of the weekend was entitled "Men from Woman's Perspective," and it began with women sitting in a circle on the floor talking about what they thought about men. Later men joined the circle, and eventually the discussion was opened up to include the room, which was packed. The talk was about sex, about "relating" (the muddled language of group dynamics weighted the conference like a mountain of mud), about misunderstood sexual signals, sexual anger and frustration. Here, too, the men seemed to be on the defensive.

Everyone agreed that it was difficult to maintain a liberated relationship, but there was no agreement about

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what a liberated relationship looks like. Sex was a big problem, as usual: the men expressed the fear that sexual overtures would be misunderstood. "How can I show interest for a girl without her thinking that I think she's just a sex object?" The women admitted to frankly erotic thoughts when looking at men, and this reassured the men somewhat. But a woman responded that sex "is still a problem for me. It's the one time when I slip back into the old ways of thinking about myself." There was also a feeling that liberation tended to be something of a burden, a lot of plain hard work with no certainty of reward.

But sex was never fully discussed—there were, for example, no couples in the room willing to talk about themselves before the group. In fact, there didn't seem to be any couples in the room at all. A gathering of this sort ten years ago would have been mostly couples, and people would have been going into the most distressing detail about their problems. There were plenty of things wrong with that, of course, but it had one advantage over this particular meeting, which lacked a certain focus. It was impossible to tell if any of the men and women were having any kind of sexual relationships with one another (except for quite casual ones) at all: definite disadvantage for people who are talking about sex roles. This tended to permit the discussion to remain at a level of abstraction high enough for the group dynamics jargon to run amok, so there was general agreement when someone said "I don't think talking about this is going to accomplish much."

And that's where we left it when the group finally broke up and we all trudged off to dinner. This particular session was typical of the weekend: an odd combination of friendliness and mistrust, intensity of feeling mixed with hesitancy about what one ought to say. People trod common ground gingerly, as if the fragile surface might crack and expose everyone to unknown peril. There was a lingering politeness that was the result of past misunderstandings, and this politeness inhibited frank conversation.

In the end, though, most of the participants seemed to feel that the conference was a success. The meaning of the conference was summed up for me most eloquently by a young man who interrupted one of the sessions with a genuine cry of anguish: "Look!" he protested, his voice cracking with anxiety. "I'm only 19 years old! what the hell do I know about relating to women! I mean, I don't even know what's going on around here!"

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DON'T LOOK AT ALL

THE SCREEN

If movies are in truth a visual medium and not a primarily literary one, as we (i.e., movie critics) have always claimed, then why don't directors of photography make good film directors? In England the director of photography is called the cinematographer, as if his were the essential job, the job that defines the very medium of cinema. Yet few directors of photography have tried to become film directors, and fewer still have succeeded when they did try. The fact is that the vast majority of movie directors have come from the ranks of the scriptwriters or from the theater. Sometimes an actor has become a good director, or a producer has given it a try successfully. Recently some movie critics have even turned out, surprisingly, to make decent directors. But directors of photography, though they ought to know all the tricks, seldom make satisfying films of their own.

Perhaps the problem is that directors of photography do know all the tricks, and little else. The advantage scriptwriting has as an apprenticeship is that it involves one in the conception of films, whereas the director of photography only knows about the execution of them. Though few directors of photography have tried directing films, I suspect that many of them harbor discontent and frustration. They must often imagine themselves to be unacknowledged kingmakers, powers behind the thrones of others who receive all the adulation and praise. I would suppose such unrewarded servility usually leads to one of two attitudes. Either the director of photography shrugs off with a bit of contempt, or at least incredulity, the vagaries of the movie "art" helps to create, or he tells himself, "With what I know, *I* could do better than that: *anybody* could!" Both reactions are the responses of the engineer to the uncertainties of aesthetics, and both underestimate the extent to which making films well really is, for all its vagaries, an art rather than a technology.

The irony is that when a director of photography does do a film of his own, he at once becomes obsessed with the need to be artistically profound. A prime example is Nicholas Roeg, whose third film, *Don't Look Now*, has just been released. As a director of photography in England, Roeg worked with the most successful film directors: David Lean, Richard Lester, John Schlesinger, François Truffaut, *et al.* From Lean, Roeg might have learned how to play a narrative straight and not chase after meretricious effects. From Lester or Truffaut he might have learned how to take himself less seriously and avoid heavy-handedness and overstatement. But in his own first film, an unlikely plot

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about a gangster (James Fox) and a hippy (Mick Jagger), the brutality had to be more brutal and the freaking out freakier than ever before in a movie. Roeg and co-director Donald Cammell called their film *Performance*, and a completely self-conscious virtuoso performance is just what it is. Like other directors of photography who get a chance to direct a whole film—Haskell Wexler, for instance, the maker of *Medium Cool*—Roeg seemed to be a sorcerer's apprentice who had acquired the powers of magic but none of the wisdom.

The two subcultures are so tortuously brought together in *Performance* that the film becomes a sort of mixed metaphor—the sort that seems to have been made without any particular idea of what it might be a metaphor *for*. The same is true of Roeg's second film *Walkabout*, which supplants the relationship between the hippy and the gangster with a relationship between an Australian aborigine and two white, Anglo-Australian school children who get stranded in the Outback. In *Don't Look Now*, which is based on a Daphne Du Maurier story, the metaphor is the occult. While her archaelogist husband John (Donald Sutherland) is at work on the preservation of a church in Venice, Laura Baxter (Julie Christie) meets a blind clairvoyant (Hilary Mason) who claims to be in contact with Laura's recently drowned daughter. Really now, blind clairvoyants went out with directors in jodphur pants carrying swagger sticks. Not content with just one clairvoyant, however, Roeg gives John second sight too, thus compounding the opportunities for contrived suspense and atmospherics.

As in Roeg's past films, atmospherics is all he sees opportunities for. He has no overview, no controlling vision, to unify his work and make sense of it. A director of photography who is facile enough to achieve any effect he wants, but no longer has someone to tell him what effect that should be, Roeg becomes hopelessly eclectic. He can do a very sensuous scene of love-making between Sutherland and Christie, so he does. He can also do a very bizarre murder, so he does that too, and a scene of breast-beating hysteria for the blind clairvoyant, which he throws in as well. But throughout it all, Roeg is mistaking obscurity for genuine mystery and effect for meaning. The result is a film full of sound and fury signifying absolutely nothing. Don't Look Now, or ever, is the only coherent message the film has for us.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

YET ANOTHER JESUS

GEORGE MacRAE

Clement of Alexandria and a Secret Gospel of Mark

MORTON SMITH

Harvard University Press, $18

The Secret Gospel

MORTON SMITH

Harper & Row, $5.95

ONE OF the strange features of Christianity is that its adherents are so often dissatisfied with the Jesus whom tradition has bequeathed to them. New theories about Jesus, new discoveries that present him in a different light, whatever their historical plausibility, never lack an eager reception among the curious. And it was always so—that is what we sometimes fail to recognize. St. Paul, one of the earliest and greatest Christian polemicists, was frequently preoccupied with rejecting divergent images of Jesus. To the Corinthians he wrote, somewhat heatedly: "For if someone comes and preaches another Jesus than the one we preached, or if you receive a different spirit from the one you received, or if you accept a different gospel from the one you accepted, you submit to it readily enough" (2 Cor. 11:4).

The two books by Professor Morton Smith of Columbia published last summer are the latest example of this phenomenon and at the same time an important contribution to the study of early Christianity. They reveal both the author's own apparent dissatisfaction with the traditional picture of Jesus, the scholarly as well as the popular one, and also an ancient rivalry among Christians about the nature of Jesus. The announcement of the discovery of some evidence of an esoteric version of the Gospel of Mark is not new in 1973. It first appeared in the press in 1960, but only now is the evidence laid before the general public, in popular form in the Harper book and in monumental scholarly thoroughness in the Harvard book. This former tells the story of the find and the steps in assessing its importance The latter offers a very detailed analysis of the evidence and related documents. Critical reaction has been slow for the most part, perhaps because the discoveries about the biblical world have become almost common in our time, perhaps also because Smith's detailed analysis of his discovery requires long and careful study.

But there is another reason for critical hesitancy, and that is the tone of the books themselves. Both are punctuated with less than reverent remarks and allusions about the Jesus of tradition, and both contain long and far-reaching concatenations of hypothetical and con-

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jectural steps in the construction of a picture of Jesus that is, to say the least, potentially offensive to Christians. This is a regrettable aspect of the scholarship that is displayed for us; it even seems incompatible with the rigorous scholarly standards which the author otherwise sets for himself. But it is there, and it requires some discipline to read either book with a view to a dispassionate evaluation of the argument.

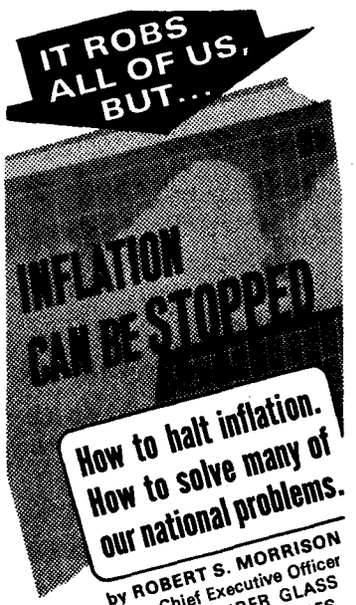
Once this is said, however, it remains to inquire what the argument is and whether it does hold up. One could not do justice to the whole in a single short review, but we may choose some highlights, beginning with the story of the discovery. While working in the library of the Monastery of Mar Saba in the Judaean desert in 1958, Smith discovered an unusual fragmentary document copied apparently in an 18th-century Greek hand on the last page and the binding sheet of a 17th-century printed book. The document began: "From the letters of the most holy Clement, the author of the Stromateis. To Theodore." The Clement in question was the great church father Clement of Alexandria, who wrote around the end of the 2nd century. His letters had not been preserved, and thus the superscription was tantalizing. Smith returned to New York with photographs of the document and permission to publish it. During the intervening years he entered into dialogue with a number of leading patristic and biblical scholars at home and abroad, and in these two books, in detail in the scholarly version, he chronicles this high-level scholarly exchange. This is a rather unusual procedure, but certainly a commendable one. Authority is a weak argument in scholarly circles, but one would hesitate to toss aside the views of so weighty a group as Smith consulted. Not all of them supported his interpretation of the document, but most were convinced.

What does the letter say? First, it commends Theodore (otherwise unknown) for opposing the Carpocratians, a Gnostic heretical sect well known from the castigations of the church fathers, especially from Clement himself. The author goes on to describe how Mark came to write his Gospel, mentioning that when he came to Alexandria from Rome, Mark rewrote the Gospel in a "more spiritual" form, though still not divulging "the hierophantic teaching of the Lord." The rewritten Gospel, Clement says, is read in Alexandria "only to those who are being initiated into the great mysteries"—very likely a reference to the paschal-baptismal liturgy. But Carpocrates got hold of a copy surreptitiously and misused it in his own circles. Clement then goes on to quote from the secret Gospel a passage inserted between Mark 10:34 and 10:35 in which Jesus raises to life a dead young man and then instructs him secretly by night in "the mystery of the kingdom of God." The author rejects a Carpocratian addition "naked man to naked man," and then mentions a brief insertion at Mark 10:46. Then the letter breaks off in mid-sentence at a point at which Clement begins the "true explanation," presumably of the stories he has just mentioned.

What does Smith make of all this? First, he compares the letter in detail with the writings of Clement, in vocabulary, style, and content, and concludes that it is a genuine letter—despite the fact that the manuscript from which the 18th-century scribe copied not only is lost but was completely unknown for so many centuries. Next he argues that the Gospel fragment quoted by Clement was not composed by him but corresponds very closely to Markan style. It not only fits the Markan context but fits into the complex interrelationships of the various canonical Gospels. Smith suggests that the insertion reflects a primitive source of Mark that was known also to John when he composed the Lazarus story in chap. 11 of his own Gospel. The revised form of Mark, he argues, was known to Matthew when he wrote. As for the historical reliability of the secret Gospel, Smith argues at length that it represents a true picture of Jesus as administering a secret baptism to his followers, interpreted as admission to the kingdom of God by union with Jesus. This is said to be a magical act, like the institution of the Eucharist, and it reinforces the view, to which there are other allusions, that Jesus was a magician and indeed a libertine figure, whose way of life and teaching were reflected in the theology of Paul but suppressed in the subsequent establishment of an "orthodox" Christianity.

This would be a highly significant picture if it holds together, for it takes on the mainstream tradition about Jesus from New Testment times down to the present. How in fact shall we interpret it? At this juncture the answer can only be a tentative one, for no one has had the leisure to evaluate Smith's years of careful detailed study.

If we follow the argument step by step, admittedly simplifying to a large degree, we should begin by saying that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Smith makes a very persuasive case for the view that the document is a fragment of an authentic letter of Clement, on the grounds of style and content especially. The long gap in the history of the document is not an insuperable obstacle to this view. Discoveries such as those of the Qumran scrolls or the Nag Hammadi codices have taught us to adjust to the centuries of silence. It is particularly relevant to point out that in recent months two fragmentary Coptic manuscripts in the British Museum have been identified as copies of material now known from the Coptic Gnostic writings of Nag Hammadi. As each new discovery becomes known, it would be rash to set limits to the extent to which hitherto unidentified materials will be labeled.

Next, given the importance of Clement's witness to the shadowy area of 2nd-century Christianity in Alexandria, we should not balk at acknowledging the existence of an esoteric Gospel, perhaps at a much earlier period. Here, too, comparison conditions our attitude. If one accepts the analysis of the Coptic *Gospel of Thomas* that is now current, then we have divergent, more or less esoteric, Jesus traditions that are independent of the canonical Gospel tradition and of comparable antiquity. An even better example for comparison is the famous story of Jesus and the woman taken in adultery, in some modern Bibles located at John 7:53 but not present, or otherwise dislocated, in the most reliable ancient witnesses to the text of the Gospels. This is a beloved but in some ways a mysterious story which could lend itself to strange interpretations. The fact is that it is an early part of the Jesus tradition that is not properly part of any of the surviving four Gospels.

As for the potentially divergent presentation of Jesus in competing early sources, we have only to consider the Corinthians or other opponents of Paul or those of John or possibly even of Mark to realize how early in the Christian tradition conflicting understandings of Jesus arose. Particularly relevant of course is the view of Jesus as miracle-working "divine man"—perhaps subsumed under Smith's description of Jesus as magician—which may underlie several of the New Testament writings. The only conclusion is that Jesus was variously interpreted right from the beginning, and especially in terms of the cultural capacities of those who encountered him.

One of the most intriguing aspects of Smith's findings for the New Testament scholar is the possibility that the fragment of the esoteric Gospel quoted by Clement actually reveals the existence of a source that was common to the Evangelists Mark and John. Such a source would help explain the origin of John's elaborate story of the raising of Lazarus as well as other contacts between the Markan and Johannine traditions which most recent interpreters have been reluctant to attribute to a literary dependence of John on Mark. Does the Clementine fragment give us a glimpse of the original Gospel of Mark, of which the traditional one would in some sense be an abbreviation? This is much less certain, it seems to me, and in fairness it must be acknowledged that Smith's reconstruction of the genesis of Mark is not quite so simple. But his argument that the longer form of Mark was available to Matthew is much less convincing than some of his other observations.

Finally, the point that occupies a large part of the two books, namely that Jesus engaged in a secret baptismal rite of magical character, is the least convincing and least satisfying. For one thing, the interpretation rests on a huge and unproved supposition. Granted that the secret pericope seems to have baptismal overtones, the argument that "the mystery of the kingdom of God" is a baptism is a weak one. The text states that Jesus "taught" the mystery. In order to make Jesus a magical practitioner, Smith is forced to suppose that this is a textual corruption for "Jesus *gave* him the mystery," and such an unsupported emendation is made to carry a huge weight of superstructure. Of course, one of the options for understanding Jesus in his own time was to interpret him as a magician: traces of magical description in

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the canonical Gospels themselves witness to this option. But what possible grounds are there for supposing this understanding is more historically accurate than those it competes with in the tradition? Similarly, the libertine interpretation of Christianity was a reality at a very early date, as the Pauline correspondence attests, but it is a historical leap of considerable proportions to allege its priority and authenticity over the attitude directly expressed in most of the earliest sources.

And this is the critical nub of the whole issue. At least in the scholarly version of his research, Smith offers the reader an extraordinary example of painstaking erudition. But he fails to come to grips with the best of modern methods of Gospel interpretation, particularly form and redaction criticism. Without a consistent method of interpreting historical documents, the historian is prey to floating judgments of historical value. The letter of Clement and the early Christian esoteric Gospel tradition it quotes must continue to be the object of serious scholarly investigation and debate. In making this material known, Smith has done a great service to historians of Christian origins. One could only wish he had done so more modestly.

Without Guilt and Justice

WALTER KAUFMANN

Peter H. Wyden, $7.95

JOHN DONNELLY

Contemporary philosophical writings often seem to fall into two distinct genres. There are highly technical studies which exhibit the sophisticated machinery of logical analysis, but which often purchase rigor and professional respect at the cost of experiential relevance. On the other hand, there are more literary, even (*pace* Kierkegaard) dialectically lyrical works, which attempt ostensibly to deal with man's condition in the world, but which unfortunately often yield only titillating obfuscation. It is rare to find a philosophical work which couples detailed rational analysis with insightful speculation. Walter Kaufmann's *Without Guilt and Justice* is such a book.

Indeed, I consider this perspicacious book so extremely laudable that I shall set aside for the occasion my pedantic (mindful that pedantry is Kaufmann's eighth strategy of decidophobia) wish to carp on Kaufmann's often disturbing method of scholarly documentation, so that the central message of the book can reveal itself.

I think it fair to say that a large number of people want to be autonomous. And the persistent stumbling-block to such a desired mode of integrity is "decidophobia," the term Kaufmann coins to mark that morbid fear of making fateful decisions. Decidophobes take many diverse stances: some seek to avoid the existential trauma of deliberate choice by subscribing to the normative procedures of a particular religious organization, or by allegiance to a certain school of thought, or by reverence for a sacred text, etc. To be sure, there is a decision-making procedure involved in decidophobia, but it is decidedly heteronomous, and avoids to a large extent the tragic element involved in the exercise of human freedom. Despite all their chatter about authentic existence and the need to avoid at all costs *mauvaise foi*, most existentialists, albeit quite subtle about it, were decidophobes.

Nonetheless, I suspect we would do well to be wary of such a procrustean listing of decidophobic categories. For example, of the ten listed forms of decidophobia, one is *moral rationalism*; yet ironically Kaufmann's discussion of the new integrity seems to involve an allegiance on his part to such an alleged decidophobic strategy. Kaufmann writes:

> High standards of honesty mean that one has a conscience about what one says and what one believes. They mean that one takes some trouble to determine what speaks for and against a view, what the alternatives are, what speaks for and against each, and what alternatives are preferable on these grounds. This is the heart of rationality, the essence of scientific method, and the meaning of intellectual integrity. I shall call it *the canon*.

I admit that I am not extremely

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fond of the iconoclastic Nietzsche whom Kaufmann oddly enough terms a non-decidophobe. I do agree with Kaufmann's opinion that Heidegger, Marcuse and Sartre are decidophobes. But, paradoxically enough, I find many of the shibboleths expressed in *Without Guilt and Justice* present in Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling*; yet Kaufmann cites the supposedly guilt-ridden Kierkegaard as a blatant decidophobe! Consider the following passage from *Fear and Trembling*:

> Is it such self-deception the present generation has need of, does it need to be trained to virtuosity in self-deception, or is it not rather sufficiently perfected already in the art of deceiving itself? Or rather is not the thing most needed an honest seriousness which dauntlessly and incorruptibly points to the tasks, an honest seriousness which lovingly watches over the tasks, which does not frighten men into being over hasty in getting the highest tasks accomplished but keeps the tasks young and beautiful and charming to look upon and yet difficult withal and appealing to noble minds.

Kaufmann claims that the well-charted course toward autonomy must overcome the Scylla and Charybdis of guilt and justice. I suspect Kaufmann will receive little debate concerning his negative verdict on guilt. But Kaufmann is extremely critical of both retributive ("desert is incalculable") and distributive accounts of justice (criteria of merits, needs, etc., are often immoral), and he speaks of the goal of equality of opportunity "as either a hollow cliché or a pernicious goal." Harsh words, to be sure, but the legerdemain of many social welfare programs often warrants such emotionally charged language in order to be detected. Indeed, there is something hollow about rectifying the moral horror of racism by quota systems; and if the quest for justice now needs the racial/sexist corrective of "affirmative action" programs, then indeed justice can be downright pernicious.

On the positive side, Kaufmann suggests we lay aside the existential category of guilt (guilt-feelings are often counter-productive to both personal moral health and the well-being of society), and instead substitute the virtue of *humbition*, which is a fusion of ambition with humility. For Kaufmann, humbition is not the only virtue, but it—along with love, courage and honesty—is a cardinal virtue. Kaufmann is adjuring us then, to be regretful of our actions, if such an attitude is appropriate, but not remorseful; self-critical but not self-deprecatory; mindful of the basic human rights of all men, but not progenitors of tokenism. Basically, what Kaufmann outlines is the development of the creative, autonomous personality, ever mindful that autonomy involves a sense of alienation, not in the pathological sense of acute depression, but rather in the more existential sense of estrangement, which is the natural correlate of the exercise of freedom.

Some will argue that the new integrity discussed by Kaufmann is too facile, too reckless, too irresponsible. Better to be a decidophobe and live the regulative life of duty; better to be an organization-man and 'choose' the ready-made prescriptions of a particular social group. But such an objection overlooks the fact that Kaufmann's man of integrity is no Nietzschean Ubermensch, for he tempers his newfound autonomy with virtues not unfamiliar to slave morality. Moreover, one should recall that Kaufmann classifies "drifting," namely, that countercultural patronage of caprice, whim and lethargy, as a form of decidophobia. Accordingly, Kaufmann's new integrity offers no apparent opiate, as does decidophobia. As Kaufmann reminds us: "the autonomous man is a living provocation. Usually he is forgiven only after he is dead."

Nietzsche spoke of the tasks confronting the philosophical laborers and the philosophers proper, questioning whether any man could face up to the latter challenge, and—as the metaphor goes—"apply the knife vivisectionally" to the social problems of his time. In

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my judgment, this book establishes Kaufmann as a philosopher proper, even if his sagacious irreverence nullifies his being a proper philosopher.

IN BRIEF

THE LABYRINTHINE WAYS OF GRAHAM GREENE *by Francis L. Kunkel, Appel, Mamaraneck, N.Y., $10.* When this study was first published in 1960, it provided a thorough and illuminating guide to Greene's novels and plays, to his central themes of pity, betrayal, and sacrifice, sin and grace, and to his Catholicism. Mr. Kunkel has now expanded it to keep pace with Greene's considerable production of the last dozen years, but since he does not find in most of the recent work the power and the glory of the earlier books, he presents no sense of an enlarged achievement, and he tends to fault Greene for his new directions and failing powers. This admonition may be fair enough, but I don't see it justifies a new book. Much of what was good in the original study remains good, but some parts are dated and should have been worked over. For instance, Greene's novel about Indochina, *The Quiet American* (1956), is that rare fiction that demands reappraisal in the light of subsequent history; to use it, in 1973, as an occasion for exonerating its author from the charge of being "pink" strikes me as, well, a red herring. Mr. Kunkel believes that the book's political content has obscured its profound moral issues, and in 1960 that may have seemed the case; but hasn't Indochina taught us by now that political and moral issues can be identical? I think Greene knew that, and said it, all along. MARK TAYLOR

CORRESPONDENCE

Commonweal: 405

most important, their membership is not representative of the Catholic population.

In neighborhoods where Catholics abound in Brooklyn-Queens, they are not organized, not bipartisan, and definitely not prone to move on the side of justice. Their vote and their attitudes on local community issues can be counted on almost without fail to be reactionary.

Our bishop in Brooklyn is so charming and personal that one might dare suspect he would not be a good administrator. Encomiums in the *Daily News* and by Michael Novak notwithstanding, the Diocese of Brooklyn-Queens has no direction other than the one in which it happens to be ambling. So to pontificate that someone is "absolutely right," when there is no way to say that he might be wrong, is the height of literary rhetoric and hardly acute political analysis.

As for the priests of Brooklyn, they are as far from being "radical" as they are from being close to the general populations of their parishes.

Having begun with inaccuracies, Michael most fittingly ends his remarks with imaginings. A not unworthy way of excusing oneself for not having done one's homework. JOHN J. WHIDDEN

REPLY

Bishop Mugavero has gentle Italian qualities that prevent him from being "a good administrator" in the American episcopal style—let us praise the Lord! Still, his "one-shot" pastoral reverberates in suddenly alert political camps. Politicians try to make contact with Catholic populations they've ignored for years. The word "manhattanopia" has entered the language; radical chic is challenged to deliver a Queens. Catholics have a large responsibility in New York. That they are *not* organized is a shame which Mugavero is trying to avert. (Well, perhaps, people *near* Mugavero.) The Catholics of Brooklyn and Queens can help elect James Buckley one term, but Robert Kennedy in another. That's "bi-partisan" enough to challenge the politically creative. If parish political education committees are not effective, let laymen play the role of "Uncle Tom," abandoning Queens for Manhattan, town for gown. Thank

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God, the priests of Brooklyn, aren't "radical"; as for being close to their flocks, I'd bet on them before betting on my favorite Catholic magazine.

MICHAEL NOVAK

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

potentials of the self that might otherwise have been dormant, or tacit, or unchallenged; the original self is not so much "enlightened" from earlier darkness, or "transcended," as brought —under stimulation—to fruition.

On the former view, there is a tendency to look down upon local cultures and to imagine, somewhere, a "higher" culture of cosmopolitan, perhaps even international, persons who are "citizens of the world," more "universal" than their limited compatriots. On the latter view, pluralism is a system—so to speak—of invaluable mirrors and priceless stimuli. Each contact with a different culture brings out an aspect of one's own culture (its lacks as well as strengths) which might otherwise have never been experienced.

In my own view, it is a wise choice for blacks to stress the unity of human morality, and for white ethnics to stress the diversity of human morality. Since each has been hurt by the opposite stress, each may grasp the point of the other's. It seems to me that Jews have achieved a slightly more complex wisdom. Because they are always a threatened minority, they must stress the unity of human morality, while more than others painfully aware of its diversity.

It is right, I hold, to reject cultural relativism and situation ethics. There *are* universals, of a sort—not univocal, but analogous, the voyage of each of us analogous to that of others. The genuine universal in human affairs is discernible *in* and *through* the concrete particular. It is never exactly alike in any two cultures, persons, or acts, only "like," "parallel," "analogous." (Here is where St. Thomas' treatment of the analogous, as opposed to the universal of essences, is especially helpful.)

To reach the depths of human universality and transcendence, no one has to exit from the cultural traditions in which he (or she) has been reared. Within every cultural tradition, possibilities for universality and transcendence exist.

Sometimes the fulfillment of these possibilities entails assimilation of something from another culture unknown within one's own culture. The death of one form of life so that another may be born is a familiar requirement; it happens as often within each culture as the transformation from childhood to adolescence, from adolescence to adulthood, and as often between cultures as the effort to learn a language.

A poignant problem in the United States is that some of our cultural traditions are developed in an articulate, complex and mature way, while others exist without the works of art, criticism, and full articulation that would allow their members to grow up comfortably within them. In order to become adult intellectually, some of us must borrow heavily from the languages of "foreign" traditions.

Many Catholics, for example, soon exceed the limits of articulation made accessible to them by parochial institutions, even including Catholic colleges. In order to mature intellectually, they must leave "Mother Church" and enter the adult world of others.

For these reasons, I am suspicious of anyone who claims: (1) to have "transcended" his own roots; (2) to speak for "one common humanity"; (3) to have been "enlightened" from his narrow beginnings; (4) to sample all cultures equally; (5) to belong to "all humankind" rather than to a concrete cultural tradition. Every historical culture has within it the seeds of human transcendence; and if a person is blind to these seeds in his own culture, how shall we believe he has eyes for them elsewhere? If he disguises from himself (and from us) his earlier life story, how shall we believe he is at home in his new self? We are fully human, "transcendentally" so, by being concrete and respecting others as we do ourselves.

We are incarnate animals: incarnate in social histories that demean us no more than our bodies demean our souls.

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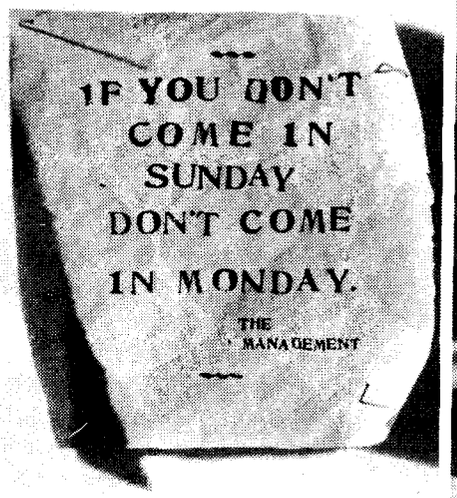

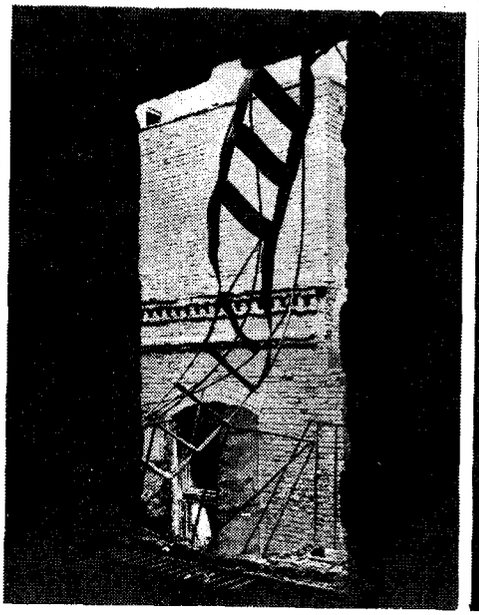

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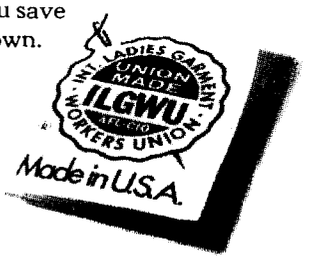

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